BYGONES.

Ye doubts and fears that once knew, Ye bitter words, of anger born; Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds un-

true, Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn; Against your memory we rebel — We have outlived your foolish day; No longer in our hearts you dwell— Bygonesi Bygonesi pass awayi

But, oh, ye joyous smiles and tears, Endearments fond, and pleasures

Endearments ione, and past;
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to
last;
Ye charities and words of peace,
Affection's sunshine after rain;
Oh, never let your blessings cease—
Byrones! Bygones! come again!
—Charles Mackay.

4 4 4

# "A Man's BY MARY a Man" GILMORE

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd, for a' that.

"Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,"
A man's a man for a' that.

"The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that.

"The pity of sense and pride o' worth Are higher rank than a' that."

Private Phil Burns, U. S. A., son of the people, cheerfully humming his favorite snatches of his favorite song, marched to the front as a "common soldier"-one of the poor, untitled rank and file. But, like all men of Celtic blood, high or lowly, he was born to rise above his original status, instinctively as the blackbird soars toward heaven, as the thrush and linnet strain skyward from the nest of birth. Phil Burns' ascent from obscurity to eminence was a threewinged flight toward fortune, fame and happiness Heroic service at a of battle won him immediate martial promotion; the patriotic associated press of the country simulestablished his national fame, and third, fast and best, came his sweetest guerdon - a beautiful young girl's love.

The gri in the case was Madge, only child of General Gastonridge, a and bred patrician, a social belle, a famous beauty of sumptuous brunette style -- conservative and haughty as only Southern girls can Yet, when the general's spoiled and wilful motherless daughter, in

spite of paternal warnings of 6hard-

ships and peril and imperative official prohibition, followed the protesting general to the seat of war, the sick and wounded soldiers to whom she devoted her service detected no sign of pride or aversion, but only tenderest woman pity in her beautiful, highbred face. Many a brave fellow sank peacefully into his last dying sleep holding her soft white hand: many a so-called reprobate died with his eyes on her face, sobbing of angels and Leaven. When the new-made but already famous Lieutenant Burns, convalescent from well-nigh fatal wounds took sick-leave passage on the identical transport by which the ailing genconsiderately recalled by the War Department, returned on the unwelcomed furlough, the same touch of which had harmonized the girl of society with the tragic mien of the battlefield made her and Phil Burns kin. Before they met the martial blood of the general's daughter had thrilled at her father's accoubt of the humble, valiant soldier's valor.

respecting, unconscious'y dignified as well as handsome hero rom the ranks it was he woman heart that quickened and cardiac pulsations are no less subtly responsive than "mind waves," seldom awakening save when reciprocity has leapt to spontaneous birth! Before the voyage was well begun the promoted private knew that he loved his general's daughter. In sight of port the man determined to hitter discovery that stripped of an accitrary social conservatism, the won an of his heart loved him! Then Phil Burns had a good quarter of an hour with Madge, followed by a correspondingly bad quarter of an hour with himself, from the torture of which he escaped by force of manly resolution; with the desperate purpose of facing the general and defying the fate of war!

Face to face with the simple, self-

The forward deck chanced to be deserted, inomentarily, by all save the invalided veteran. Games and smugglers and pipes were in session in sa loon and smoking room, monopolizing. the sociable sides of the ship, under-toned human voices rising in various vocal and conotional keys from the quarters of festivity below. Human olces-what were these, compared with the voices of the deep and the eloquent silence of the eternal stars? Pany, transient, tinkling things they seemed to Phil Burns in that love-inspired hour of revelation even as the codes of mercenary world seemed anddenly false and ignoble, pitted aga ist the primeval law of supremacy and dominance of man, per se, monarch of Measured by the soul and brain of humanity, by its

what were pride of birth, pomp of gold, shibboleth of social position, that their phantom should dare 'o divide human creature from creature, heart from heart, man from his complemental woman?

"The man of independent mind, He laughs at a' that!"

hummed the young vocalist, by force of venerable habit, as he forward marched toward the general. Yet the windows of his soul turned a wistful appeal rather than of flashing defiance upon the autocrat of his fate; and the laugh of its proud heart knew its own bitterness.

Perhaps the alert oid server of Mars had not been blind to Cupid's signals as his juniors had taken for granted. In any case, he scented approaching battle as the young soldier adayanced and braced his heart to resist it. That his herculcan frame shrined a heart was the general's closet skeleton, vociferously defied by word of mouth, while betrayed by deed with the most unconscious incenuousness.

The discrepancy amused his daughter and touched the world, but the general lived on in blissful ignorance that he hoodwinked and terrified nobody. He was a man of powerful physique and commanding presence, with a leonine head of iron gray hair, dark eyes flashing with the unquenched fires of immortal youth, and a military moustache which bristled fiercely when its owner's mood was aggressive. The initiated Madge would have postponed action, recognizing the danger signal, but Phil Burns rushed

"General," he announced without preface or apology; "General, I love your daughter!"

The night wind sang through the sails, and sailors changed watch and the lookout monotonously, Their footsteps beat a deafening refrain in the general's stunned care The sea took it up and the winds, and the mute stars traced it in fire. love your daughter, your daughter. your daughter!" Sky, sea, air, all alike pulsated with the impassioned rhythm of audible human heart beats. Love, all love, only love thrilled the voice of creation. But the general defied the primeval lyric, in allegiance to Gastonridge pride.

"May I request you to repeat what you were condescending enough to remark, young man?" he inquired, fin-

ally with scathing irony. "With pleasure, general. I reported -that I love- your daughter."

"And a deuced presumptuous, impertinent, intrusive, altogether unpardonable report it is, you shoulderstrapped beggar on horseback." bluffed the general, working himself into a passion. "I consider you guilty of a breach of faith, sir. You have taken undue advantage of your position and of my trust in you. What is your excuse for venturing upon such an un justified liberty with my daughter's name-what is your excuse, sir?"

The impetuous voung Celt could be deliberate when the stake was life or death. The repose of the Vere do Veres is the heritage of courage. He ran his hand slowly through the bright brown sipples framing his temples, stared at the scowling general meditatively, with calmly surprised blue eyes, gave his heavy mustache an adjusting tug and admired the vamps of his well-shaped boots, dispassionately considering his commander's challenge. But once roused to action, the young soldier's methods were always decisive. In this case they routthe general.

"My excuse is—your daughter's love for me, sir," he explained, simply.

"Bah! Bah! Bosh! You conceited, presuming, deluded young jacknapes! sputtered the haughty Gastonridge. But he was wasting his vocabulary

on the ocean air. With a military salute, his subordinate officer had withdrawn. The general was left the field-but not the victoryl

Port was reached in the, morning, and in consideration of an arrival make the incredible, tempting, sweet- which a patriotic populace was pleas- and her 'bestest li' white chile,' you'd ed to regard as a national ovation, the generous general waived his private grieve ace to crown by his tribute of social compliment the honor greetings to the hero from the ranks. With a royal-heartedness typical of grand old South, the veteran shared every laurel of the hour; and in consequence the former private found himself whirling Washingtonwards, side by side with his commander, in a railroad king's private car. But the luxurious journey was to be no thorn-less bed of roses for the recruit to the realms of capitalism. Even the general's generosity had its limits. With malice prepense he renewed the charge that a noble expediency had interrupted. The proximity of the alerteared Madge in her stateroom adjoining the main saloon was a spark to the gunpowder of paternal assertion.

"Did I understand von to inform me last night, you inflated 'Tommy Atkins, " he demanded, with sudden loud-voiced ferocity, "that my loud-voiced ferocity, "that my daughter authorized you to avow your impossible matrimonial pretensions?

"Yes, general," assented the junior idol of the hour with modest but in-vincible firmness. Already establish- till seemed the illusion of a dream,

vitcI heart and its strong right hand, | ed in the hearts of the great American people as the general's co-equal rival of war, domestic rivalry in the name of love, even upon the Gastonridge hearthstone, seemed a less hopeless cause than heretofore.

> "Incredible, sir, incredible! Do you dare to tell me that my daughter demanded no password from a slinking, spying, traitorous intruder within

> my private likes?"
> "There was no slinking, no spying, no treachery in question, general. And my password was nature's-lovel" "Lovel" scorned the man of warfare. "No daughter of mine, sir, gave the countersign to any such fool pass

as—lovel'' Yes, general, begging your pardon! Love's own sweet countersign — a kissi"

"Madge, Madgel" thundered the incensed general. "Present arms, miss, and refute this young miscreant to his impudent face. He insists that you want him for my son-in-law - my son-in-law! Tell him it's all a mistake on his part, my girl, and-considering his pluck on the field of war -I'll-I'll let him off-and down -

"Dear old paw!" laughed Madge, in Southern patios, emerging from her fortress and obeying military orders in the letter if not in the spirit, by flinging caressing arms about the general's apoplectic neck; "I'm right sorry to confess that I just can't get to oblige you; but-but it isn't a mistake, you seel I warned Phil that you'd fire all your bombshells at first but who cares; you dear old darling? We all know your awfullest cannon balls are only blank cartridges!"

"But, my darling," expostulated conscientious Phil, heroically rushing to the discomfited general's rescue, 'your father's objections are valid and justified-remember that! is every possibility of mistake for you -in what all the world will agree in calling a social mesalliance. You know you are of the class, while I am distinctively and typically of the human

'The rank is but the guinea's , stamp "

quoted Madge, who, with the miraculous adaptability of a loving woman, had mastered her lover's mental weapons, and now turned them against

"Ah, but I lack the guineas as well as the 'rank,' more's the pity, dear," admitted Phil, sadly, "and, as the general will tell you, Madge, you have no conception of what straitened finances imply the daily sacrifices of luxurious habit, of dainty taste and desire-"

"Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,"

scorned Madge, magnificently

"But-but will the pride of my Amcrican princess not yet regret that, socially speaking, she has 'stooped to conquer?' Sooner or later, perhaps, the plain man is fated to cut a sorry figure in a gentlewoman's eyes, compared with those of leisure and wealth conveniently called 'gentlement' ' he finished, bitterly.

"The pith o' sense and pride o' worth Are higher ranks that a' that!"

trilled Madge, incorrigibly. "Well, Lieutenant Phil, have you finished for ever and ever? Because if you haven't, I shall suspect you of 'proposing in haste and repenting at leisure,' which would be a nice record indeed for a military man of honor, wouldn't it now, Paw General Gastonridge?"

"I refuse my consent to your marriage!" announced the unrelenting general.

"Then we'll clope!" proclaimed Madge, rising like a queen of Sheba Oriental draperies of subdued old gold and reds. "Now, I must the gwine to my ole black mammy,' to be made lovel; for my engagement dinner! You have got to elope with 'ole brack mammy,' too, Phil. If you were even to suggest parting mammy only 'poo' white trash'

both forever after!" "Poor white trash," echoed Phil's thoughts when the laughing Madge had departed, and the worsted general retreated to the smoking room. Was he not but social "trash," indeed, in comparison with the rich old Gastonridge family? Under Madge's girlish, frivolity, he knew, existed a strong sweet woman nature. Yet being what he was by birth and breeding and material circumstances, had he not done selfishly to take advantage of her susceptible maiden affection? But the manly heart of Phil Burns cried, "No!" and the heart voice is ever truthful. Pure and holy natural selection is the manifestation of a Ligher will than worldly match-making dreams of! It is the perversion of instinct, not obedience to it, that brings about fatal human conflict with the creative plan of God!

The outnumbered, yet unsurrender-ing general meanwhile was facing his domestic Waterloo. Well he knew that the man chosen by Madge for husband must be his own "Hobson's choice: but Phil Burns in the char-

rather than the conquering hero of wideawake reality! True, he was goodly to look upon-a young, hardy, handsome specimen of manhood, scarcely less evidently sans peur public heroism notwithstanding-than likewise sans reproache, for the cleanly and pure carry visible credentials; and the open glance and fresh glow and inspiring personal atmosphere of chaste-lived, moral, high-principled youth are never successfully counterfelted by unworthy pretenders, nor unrecognized by the kindred pure of heart. Nevertheless the general could not soar instantaneously above the traditions inherited from venerations of ancestors born and bred to all the class of prejudices of fortune's heritage and social prestige. That such so-called blue blood as ran in his own veins was too often tained with the evils that the red blood of the masses escaped - that the glitter of gold was by no means synonymous with the sterling radiance or moral, manly merit, and that the law of precedence whereby, at each and every function of his social life the general had sat at the right of his hostess, was but a mockery of the natural supremacy of virtuous, honorable, heroic human manhood, the general did not denyl Yet it was no easy thing for him to put his theories into practice, and perhaps he must have failed to attain the miracle but the transient resurrection, under the spell of war, of his youth's unworldly ideals. Just for the patriot hour, while flags we. waving and cannon booming and regiments of brave men marching to the front, deater to the general than gentle birth, than his golden fortune, than the social autoclacy that were the inglorious idols of peace was the soldierly attribute of manly heroism: and Lieutenant Phil Burns had stood a hero in the face of death! Then how could any woman - even a Gastonridge be other than crowned by this man of honor's love? The general's noble capitulation was his defeat as a worldling but, as he realized later, his triumph as God's image, man!

The depot at Washington was crowded to suffocation. An immense throng awaited the returning officers. Bands played and the Stars and Stripes floated. Political, financial and social celebrities officially welcomed the heroes of the field, while the mob cheered national approval. Madge, radiant in her grace of sex and grand young beauty, stood like princess royal encircled by courtiers. Her pose was regal, her simple gown worn with the air of a robe of coronation. But the queenliest woman at heart is ever but queen consort! In her maiden thoughts, the imperial Mulige was hailing Phil Burns as king.

Suddenly there was a disturbance in the throng. A woman was forcing her way through it - a shabby little old woman with thin gray hair and a plain, word face, and gloveless hand clasped before. Her bonnet of rusting mourning, eloquent of long and impoverished widowhood, her dowdy black shawl, humble black skirt revealing well-worn shoes, even the pathetic stoop of her frail figure bowed by the burdens of life, told the common old story of middle-class struggle and poverty. Yet her face, in spite of its tears of emotion, was transfigured by supreme glory. As she erierged from the crowd her arms strained tremulously toward the lieutenant of the distinguished group.

"My boyl" she sobbed, rapturously, "My boy! My boy!"

From the the exquisitely curled and perfumed attache of one of the foreign embassies Phil Burns turned sharply. One appealing look he flashed upon Madge as he sprang forward — a look of love's faith, in whose flame yet flickered potential renunciation! Then an unmortal light dayned in his Celtic blue eyes-the light of filial love and fidelity - as he folded the plain little woman to his heart.

"Mother!" he cried, between his kisses "dear, dearer, dearest little old mother!"

The general and his daughter start ed simultaneously, in common discomplete. Phil Burns' mother? - this poor, shabby, typical woman of the populace, never by any necromancy of gold or fashion to be adapted to the patrician Gastonridge mold! What was to be done? Upon the irrevocable action of the present moment hinged Madge's future; since the Gaston ridge line was a line of honor, abiding by his word. The general, as a gentleman, lifted his hat to the woman and mother, but as a father 'he stood aside for Madge's initiative. At this crisis of her life he would influence her by no glance or word. In the tense suspense of the moment he turned his eyes in an unconsciously ferocious stare upon the shoulder-shrugging attache. The dapper and flippant diplomat's flow of persiflage languished. He adjusted his eyeglass with vague resentment. Why was the old warhorse ogling him so belliger-ently? After all, these sayage Americans were a bourgeois set!

Madge, meantime, was dallying with the decision which must make or mar her life. Useless to say that no ignoble sentiments tempted her. The human respect and sensitive vanity inseparable from the unconscious. MSTAULISHND 1860.

snobbishness of dazzled youth, joined

forces with racial pride and caste tra-

ditions against the nobler ideals of

girlhood's heart. The pride and pomp

and material glory of the world seem-

ed to her, of a sudden, life's single

reality! From all save the glittering

cilt and tinsel of convention's stand-

ards she shrank as from barren

dreams. With the humble, the poor,

the socially obscure, what had she in

common - she, proud, rich, beautiful

deed, by acquired habit; but what by

the davine law of nature, making

young hearts akin? What title of

worth boasted all the gilded baubles

of her Gastonridge birthright compar-

ed with the joy in her woman's heart

because the manly Phil Burns loved

her? A sudden tenderness thrilled her

soul looking on Phil's old mother!

Here was the primitive type of moth-

erhood - a type she did not know.

The vedded beauties and belies to

whom marriage means social leader-

ship, the coquettish matrons of a so-

ciety where venerable womanhood is

an anomaly, the selfish young wives

slaying love on the altar of vanity,

the flippant girl brides jilting true

Christian manhood for mammon, the

unmaternal mothers of the fashionable

whirl, rescutful of sacrifice and re-

sponsibility and untender in heart

and spirit -- all these were her famil-

iar social chaperons, her dead moth-

er's substitutes; but not to one among

them all, as to this humble women

of the people, was motherhood the

crown of femiuine life! A prophetic

tremor quickened her maiden heart

beats; the half-sweet; half-sad shadow

cast before, of the pain and glory en-

twined at love's meridian - the zen-

"Oh, Phil," she cried, softly, im-

petuously surrendering her soul's di-

vine impulse, "aren't you going to

"God bless you, Madge," whispered

But the rest of his speech fell on

ears ucheeding. Woman and woman,

The diplomat attache mistook the

situation. He divined romance; but

taking it for granted that the general

disapproved it, ventured a delicate

"Your America, general, is a great country socially," he emphasized,

with a disparaging glance of con-

temptuous significance at the plebian

old person in the rusty weeds, when

Madge and Phil by simultaneous im-

pulse had presented the general to

But if he expected gratitude the con-

descending foreigner was unpleasant

ly surprised. The American general

turned on him like an exploding can-

non, even as he courteously offered

his chivalrous escort to the mother

the way to the carriage. "My Ameri-

calis a great country, socially and

nationally, And why is it great, sir?

Not because of its great men, alone

or primarily; no, sir! but because it

is the country of noble mothers - of

the pure, carnest, selfish, maternal

women of the people whose virtues,

sir, the best and grandest sons of the

great American Republic but reflect!

The disconcerted attache hastily

lifted his hat and retreated in silence.

It was the "common soldier's" plain

old mother who rose to the occasion

leaning back against the luxurious

cushions like one to the manner born.

"In the name of your own dear mother, alive or dead," she said to

the general, "I thank you, sir! That

a good mother is the first best thing

in the world just stands to nature.

You and my son Phil, with your

swords and cannon, may be making the history of the nation, but it's

the loving lives of women that is

making history of the nation's men."

barrassed lieutenant, flushing furious

"Amen, mother!" laughed the em-

But the general was bending to-

"The daughters of the Gastonridges

have always been ladies," he was

saving, "but it is left to you, Madge

to imitate shining alien example and

prove that the lady may reach the

loftier stature of simple woman-

"Well!" gasped the amazed Misa

Gastonridge, "of all utter routs, the

abject surrenders, the ignominious de-

But the general interrupted her.

"On the contrary, my love," he cor-

rected, 'it's the case of all round vic-tory, attesting right's supreme achievement — 'the triumph of fail-

And who shall say that the general was not right?—Catholic World.

feats I ever heard of-"

wards Madee.

"Yes, sir!" he thundered, leading

of brave Phil Burns.

Europe espoused the paternal side.

present me to - our - mother?"

ith of woman's life!

Phil. "Mother-"

heart with heart.

Madge Gastonidge?

#### TELMPHONE MAIN 131 IT'S AN INVESTMENT YOUR WINTER'S COAL

WOOD FOR SUMMER USE-TRY OURS.

P. BURNS & CO.

Nothing in-

HEAD OFFICE 38 KING BAST

### **HUNTERS'** Kniree, Huntere Azes, Cartridges, Loaded Shells, F.F. Powder, C. & H. Ponder, Shot

Write for prices.

## Rice Lewis & Son.

52 and 54 King St. East, Toronto.

#### King & Yorston

Manufa.turers and dealers in

Office Furniture, Chairs, Settees, etc. Churches, Halls and Public Buildings supplied on short

31 to 35 Elizabeth St., Cor. Albert,

## E MCCORMACK TAILOR. I MER SOUTH OF TORONTO.

#### Gct What You Want...

Ordered Clothing, Dry-Goods, Etc. and pay later. Terms to suit.

W. H. GARDINER 474 Ouesa Street, West





Wm. Knaggs,

Violin Maker and Repairer, Dealer in Fine, Bows and Trimmings for Violins, etc. Bows vi., Room 26, 94 Adelaide Street Each, or 78 treet, Torento.

## "My Valet" FOUNTAIN THE TAILOR.

Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074 Dress Suits to Rent Preselve, Repairing, Cleaning and Traing. Goods salled top and resurned to any part of the city.



CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Peals, Sen Superior and The Generalis Mee HANE BELL, FOUNDRY Suitmers, Md.

Do not simply sak your grocer for a tia

COWAN'S HYGIENIC PERFECTION COCOA

And you will get the very choicest made